God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.M. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happy daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my L. and thanke you all. *Lord*
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L.Ha.*
Buck. And in good time heere comes the ſweating Lord. *L. Ha.*
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Hath Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
faine haue Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
to Perſwade the Queene they ſend the Duke of Yorke *the Ha.*
Vnto his princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord Haſtings go with them, *him Ha.*
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My L. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke, *to Ha.*
Anon expect him heere: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid *God in heaven*
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
deep Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lord, *L. Ha.*
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
greatneſſe Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this age, *his groſſenes Ha.*
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted *always Ha.*
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then